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influence, expressing the peace of God and the love of Christ, and the mingling affections of human hearts. Architecture must always retain its place among the highest of material aids to devotion.

Whether the other arts of design can ever be employed again, to the same extent as they have been, in the service of religion, we doubt. They seem to us to belong to a lower stage of the religious life, when men must be addressed through the eye, and were less capable of sentiment and reflection. Yet we would not wholly exclude them. They might wait in the outer courts, and fill with a material glory the porch of the house of God. Arts of closer affinity with a refined intelligence can alone henceforth, as we conceive, adequately express the adoration and trust of man. A sisterhood of higher descent and more spiritual function—Music and Poetry—should alone be permitted, as we feel, to enter the most Holy Place, and will alone, as we believe, minister everlastingly at its altar, and on the invisible pinions of their blended harmonies bear up the expectant soul into the presence of the Living God.

ECHO LAKE.

A THRILL of music woke the slumbering lake:

She could not heard such riches in her breast,

But bade her guardian hills the treasure take

And bear it on till all the air was blest.

The hills, that stood in veiled and reverent ranks

To see her smiling in her thoughtful sleep,

Joined with the strain the chorus of their thanks,

Each in a separate answer, soft or deep.

And something of the lake's mild beauty went

Through the vast mountains on those lingering tones;

And something of their grand response, unspent,

Trembled around her ripples' eddying zones.

In thee, calm lake, still may the mountains hide

Their wealth of shadowy light and glorious gloom!

Let the lake's sweetness still, ye mountains, glide

On your great voices into airy room!

And ye, strong hearts, take up and bear afar

The echo of the beauty-burdened soul

Wherein your nobler selves deep mirrored are,

Till life to love a perfect answer roll!

LUCK LAROOM.

Sombre thoughts and fancies often require little real soil or substance to flourish in; they are the dark pine trees which take root in, and frown over, the rifts of the scathed and petrified heart, and are chiefly nourished by the rain of unavailing tears, and vapors of fancy.—*Boyes.*

Be careful how you put yourself at the mercy of critics or inferiors by going altogether out of your beat. Algernon Sydney tells us, that the king of Sabana was worshipped as long as he kept himself within the walls of his palace; but might be murdered with impunity by his subjects if he showed himself outside of it.—*Boyes.*

HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE OF KIANG.

PEKIN, July 20th, 1859.

Dear Crayon:

It is now five months since I sent you the last installment of the History of the Empire of Kiang. I fear you will think I have deliberately broken my contract, and that I am enjoying your monthly remittances as long as I can without sending you the *quid pro quo* in copy. Your readers, I have no doubt, are perfectly at ease on the subject, for, so far, the preliminary history of the Empire of Kiang must have proved dry reading to them. Indeed, it cost me many remonstrances with my systematic mandarins to persuade them to condense this preliminary part of the history. In fact, one of them, whose duty it is to translate from the antique Chinese into the modern vernacular, and whose services will now be entirely dispensed with, committed suicide some five months ago. But my greatest trial—the one, I mean, which has prevented the continuance of the history for the last five months—is, the absolute refusal of my mandarins to work during that interval. The reason of this is a foolish custom, prevailing in this country, which requires every man of station to travel South during the winter months. My employees all being mandarins, claimed their privilege, and as they could not take the library with them to continue their researches, the Empire of Kiang had to be discontinued. They all left with the exception of the one referred to above, who shuffled off his mortal coil to save expenses in view of a reduced income, a stroke of economy by no means uncommon in this country. Last week they all returned again to their accustomed desks at the library; and, as I cannot hope to give you the next number of Kiang short of a month, I propose to present to your readers a synopsis of the experience of my mandarins during their travels, as they related them to me over a huge bowl of tea the evening after their arrival.

Mandarin No. 1, who is a man of wealth, education, and refinement, a mandarin of six buttons, after paying his respects at court, and making a report of his transactions with the outside barbarian (meaning me), withdrew his family to a country seat on the sea-shore, and went to travel in pursuit of pleasure and information. The result of his studies he classified and brought to paper, and permits me to make abstracts for the benefit of your readers. The southern Chinese, he says, are more indolent than those of the North—they work less; but as nature makes up for their neglect by a lavish fertility of the soil, they appear to be as well off in worldly goods as the inhabitants of the North. They pride themselves, however, upon this, that they do not labor as hard as the people in more northern climates, and therefore think themselves better on that account. Great admirers of the ceremonial and the poetical forms of their religion, they incline to piety without being severe or illiberal. Their leisure allows them ample time for pleasure; and, as pleasure much depends upon society, they are hospitable to educated strangers, to men of information,

and particularly to those of rank and wealth. Mandarins are always welcome on account of their influence at court, for you must know that the southern Chinese lay strong claims to all the offices in the gift of the government, thinking themselves better fitted for positions of trust and emolument than the drudges of the North. Besides, frequent and habitual idleness has decomposed the fortunes of many families of rank, and they thus seek to revive them by direct government patronage. It is but natural to infer that they are loyal to the reigning family, which is really the case so long as their private and sectional interests are properly taken care of. Should these be neglected, however, they immediately threaten a separation from the North. From the want of wholesome exercise and from an exaggerated notion of their importance, the southern Chinese are quite nervous and sensitive to real or imaginary insults; they immediately resent them either by choking themselves, by swallowing the ends of their own queues if they are the weaker party; or, if in case they are the strongest, by making their opponents perform the same ceremony. In modern times a sort of duel has come into vogue, in which the parties nibble at each other's queues until one of them cries enough, or until one succeeds in biting off a respectable piece of that necessary appendage belonging to his antagonist. Affairs of honor are known to have been settled, however, by considerate seconds in a manner most satisfactory to the principals and soothing to their wounded feelings, by slyly attaching a couple of inches of ingeniously braided calf's-foot jelly to the respective queues of the contending parties.

Mandarin No. 2, of four buttons, pretty well to do in the world, a man of great learning (some 54,000 words I believe), but rather unsophisticated, is blessed with a fashionable wife and two marriageable daughters. His wife persuaded him to visit one of the fashionable watering-places with a view to the proper conjugal development of the young ladies. Mandarin No. 2 says, he lived with his family in quarters consisting of two small rooms, so called, but in reality only two large-sized closets, at a ruinous rate per diem, which would compel him to pursue the strictest economy for the balance of the year to make both ends meet. His wife maintained, however, that their course was perfectly proper, inasmuch as fashionable society made it a rule to live in that way at watering-places. Mandarin No. 2 denies the existence of fashionable society; he says it ought to be called a gathering of fashionable hermits, for no one associates with his neighbor, inasmuch as every one tries to hang on to some one who is superior to himself; for which reason nobody can find an acceptable friend in the large crowd of visitors. All try to outdo each other in a display of worldly goods, experiencing in return for it only the uncomfortable consciousness that they themselves are surpassed, and without deriving comfort from the fact that they have outdone many others behind them. So they strut around from dinner to promenade, and from thence to the table again, in continual vexation at lost opportunities

and racking their brains with schemes for future conquests. Mrs. Mandarin No. 2 was destined, however, to be more successful than her equals, for they had not been at Na-hi-to-gé (the name of the watering-place) more than three weeks, when a love of a mandarin of six buttons made his appearance; and he at once took to her daughters, and became the habitual attendant of the family, to the chagrin of the rest of the fashionable visitors. So assiduous were his attentions to the two young ladies, that it could not be determined, in solemn council between the mother and daughters, which of the two was to carry him off as her perpetual captive. If he presented one at table with the most dainty morsels from his own plate, plying her charming little mouth with his chopsticks, and with a dexterity expressive of the most abject adoration, he would lead the donkey of the other during the whole of the afternoon ride, to the exclusion of every other occupation. If he took his evening naps at the feet of the one, he would make amends by spending his morning hours in plucking flowers for the other. It became daily more evident that he intended to marry both, a state of things quite admissible in this flowery kingdom. Several hints thrown out about this time by the noble mandarin, that he was in daily expectation of large remittances from his father, who resided within the shadow of the emperor's palace, led them to suppose that he intended to make an immediate payment on account of the marriage portion to be given to the parent (another peculiar custom of this country), and this created the highest esteem for the noble passions and extensive wealth of the future son-in-law. One morning toward the end of the season the noble lover was carried into the apartments of the ladies on a chair, by two servants. This being a sign of great distress, the usual manner of visiting ladies being on foot, the mother and daughters tendered their condolence, and entreated him to impart the cruel reasons of so much perspiration (a polite phrase in Chinese). The mandarin of six buttons called one of his attendants, who, at his bidding, took from a box, suspended from his neck, a neatly folded note, which another servant immediately proceeded to read to the ladies. The father of the dear mandarin, who proved to be no less a personage than the custodian of the emperor's stockings, had one morning by some mischance omitted to provide this article of the toilet for his master, upon which the Imperial Sun condescended to dispatch to him a golden string, with permission that his estates and offices should descend to his only son. Here was the young mandarin appointed to the highest station in the land, the owner of extensive estates a thousand miles away, without the means of paying his paltry little bill at his hotel, to say nothing of an expensive journey in state to the feet of the gracious emperor, from whom he was to receive the insignia of the woollen stocking, which was to be suspended from his neck during the remainder of his life, an honor which, he slyly remarked, would reflect eternal glory upon any family he should intermarry with. It so happened that Mandarin No. 2 was out at the time, botan-

izing, as was his wont in the morning. The ladies hunted over all his effects until they fortunately found the bag of gold which he brought with him to pay his expenses. In triumph they laid it at the feet of the mandarin of the Stocking, and begged him to accept of it as his own. The noble youth thereupon embraced the old lady, and refusing to accept the gift, handed the bag to one of his attendants, with strict instructions to return tenfold the amount upon their arrival at Pekin. The departure could now on no account be postponed, not even for another moment; and, presenting each of the young ladies with a neatly embroidered stocking as a keepsake, the dear mandarin was carried out of the room, and was never seen again afterward. Mandarin No. 2 did not return to dinner at the usual hour, and when the sun went down without his appearance, the ladies strongly suspected that he had accidentally met with his future son-in-law and had politely accompanied him a day's journey toward his destination. The next morning, however, the old gentleman returned in company with two Chongins, a sort of police officer, who interrogated the ladies with reference to their knowledge of the gay mandarin, his personal appearance, his manners, and the account he gave of himself. They were in hot pursuit of an individual of that description, and having obtained information that the person they were in search of habitually associated with Mandarin No. 2 and his family, they seized the mandarin on his rambles after rare flowers, and locked him up overnight in a temple on the roadside, and took him home in the morning, for the purpose of securing an examination of the ladies. Mandarin No. 2 succeeded in establishing his innocence, and was let off with a moderate fine for associating with a suspected person, which fine he was kindly permitted to pay in value such as wearing apparel, jewelry, etc. Mandarin No. 2 raised a sufficient sum to pay his expenses at an exorbitant rate of interest; and is now fixed for six months hard work at the History of the Empire of Kiang to make up for his extraordinary losses. Being a philosopher, however, he consoles himself with the prospect of a state of peace and serenity in his family for some time to come.

Mandarin No. 3 is the unfortunate individual who, in disgust with the vanities and expenses of this life, prematurely made away with himself.

Mandarin No. 4 is a bachelor: his means, though limited, allow him, as he says, to let himself loose for a couple of months in the winter season. He takes delight in visiting fashionable places of resort, without regard to expense, ever grumbling at what he sees. He went to Pi-ho-ga-ra this season to see the great waterfall, or rather to have a growl at others who went to see it. He thinks the falls of the Pi-ho-ga-ra River a most stupendous affair; but regrets that the cupidity of men has induced them to build so many shops, pagodas, and temples around and in the immediate proximity to the falls, so that it will soon be impossible to see them, excepting from the backyards or from the roof of an adjoining building. What is more important

still, he mentions, is the works of architectural art, which are brought into immediate contact with this great work of nature. He sees discords in the hum of fashionable city life around the thunder of the great cataract, and takes comfort in expressing his apprehension that some day this work of nature will revenge itself for the desecrations of man, by bodily swallowing up a host of the visitors and their temporary habitations. What raises his ire to the highest pitch, is the temerity of a Hindoo, who has selected this sublime example of nature's boldest freak as an arena for his rope-dancing propensities. He believes he is able to see the reason for the fellow's contempt of danger, not in his strength of nerve or courage, but in his lack of brains. He describes his appearance as a little removed from the monkey, particularly as far as the formation of the head is concerned; and he proves his position by the fact that some Chinese who attempted a similar performance, in other less dangerous positions met with no success, and that one was even drowned in the effort. He regards this fact as a proof that men can have too much brains for the pursuit of the most money-making business.

Mandarin No. 5, of but two buttons, rather poor, but intelligent, had just then taken unto himself a wife—a bright, pretty girl by the way, who has but one fault, and that is that her feet are large enough to walk upon, owing to imperfect or negligent management when a child. She is fond of a healthy ramble in the country, and her husband, to indulge her during the honeymoon, took lodgings with a well-to-do farmer's family in a pleasant part of the country, where they passed their time between books and music, interspersed with frequent short trips in the surrounding country. He says they always made it a point to put up with simple country people, in order to see something of the life of the farmer; and he thinks the intercourse refreshing, amusing, and instructive to a man who spends the greatest part of his time in the city. He says God made the country and men made the city; and if you wish to enjoy country life and derive all the benefit from it, which can be attained in respect to health, amusement, and information, you must not bring city habits, city customs, and city society with you; but abandon yourself entirely to nature and the sympathetic beings who are planted on her bosom. I think his notions altogether visionary, and apprehend they will vanish with his honeymoon.

Mandarin No. 6, of but one button, who is exceedingly poor, but very smart and well read as the world goes, exhibited to us a small bag of silver which he said he had made during his vacation. We requested him to communicate the secret which enabled him to travel or rusticate in the country, and make money at the same time. He slyly closed one of his eyes, and said, "My friend, you know I am too poor to travel, and as a rising mandarin, too proud to have it known that I am compelled to stay in the city. So I locked myself up in my house, only taking a snuff of air from time to time in solitary walks at the midnight hour, and I made this bag of money by writing for the newspapers 'Letters from the Watering-places.'"